



MYSTERY!
DISGUISES!
BEARS!

The first of three
quirky adventures
by award-winning
Chris Riddell,
cocreator of
THE EDGE
CHRONICLES.

Can Ottoline
and
Mr. Munroe
come up with
a clever plan?

Meet
Ottoline Brown
and her best friend,
Mr. Munroe.
No puzzle is ever
too tricky for
the two of them
to solve.

ISL LOWER SCHOOL LIBRARY



T 605960 LS F RID
Ottoline and the yellow cat

A string of daring
burglaries has
taken place in Big City,
and precious lapdogs
are disappearing. Who
is behind this crime
wave?

www.harpercollinschildrens.com
BOOK NEWS, GAMES, CONTESTS, AND MORE

US \$10.99

ISBN 978-0-06-144879-9

9 780061 448799

5 1099

△

ISL
FRI

CHRIS RIDDELL

Ottoline and the Yellow Cat



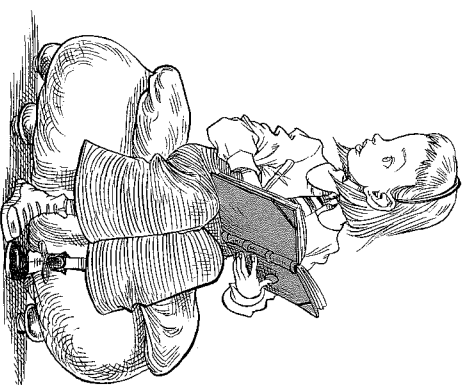


Coming soon:

Ottoline Goes to School
Ottoline at Sea

Chris
RIDDLE

8



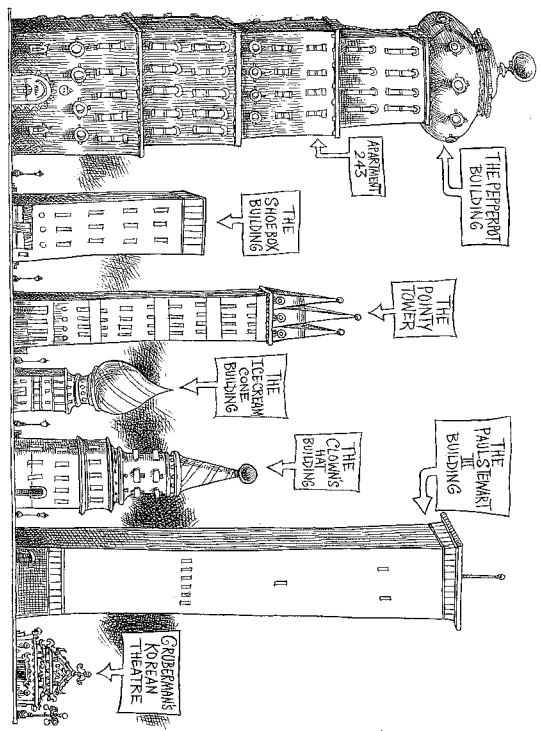
Ottoline
and the
Yellow Cat

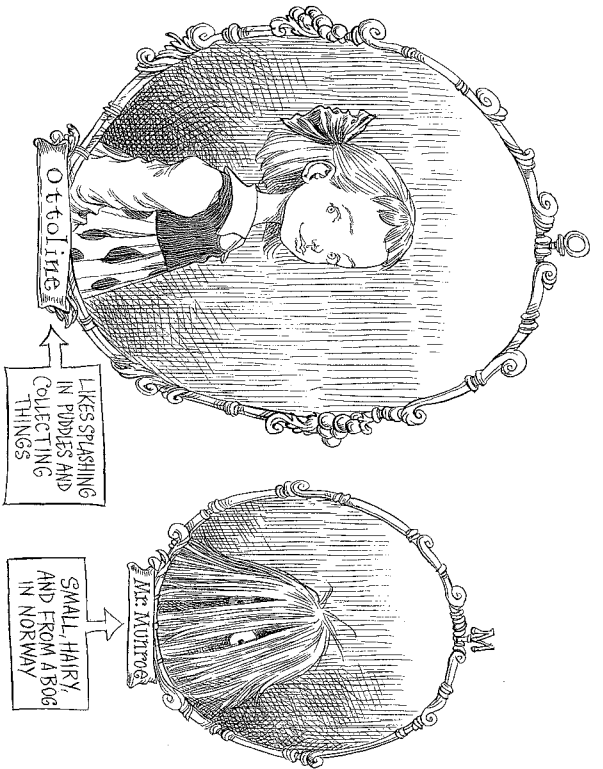
 HarperCollins Publishers

Chapter One

For my daughter, Katy

Otoline lived on the twenty-fourth floor of the Pepperpot Building. It was called the P. W. Huffledinck Tower; but it looked just like a pepper pot, so everyone called it the Pepperpot Building.

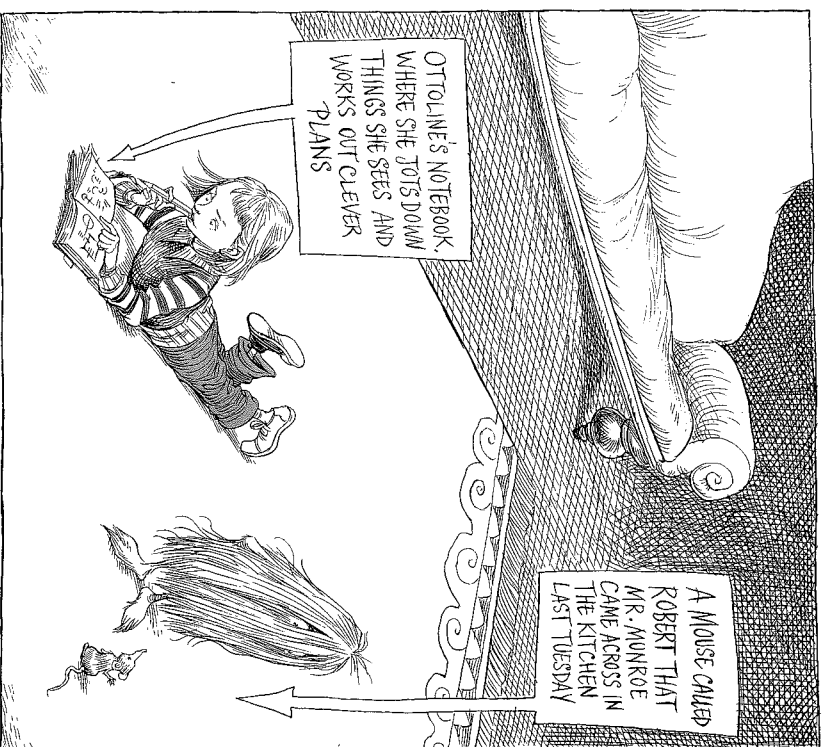




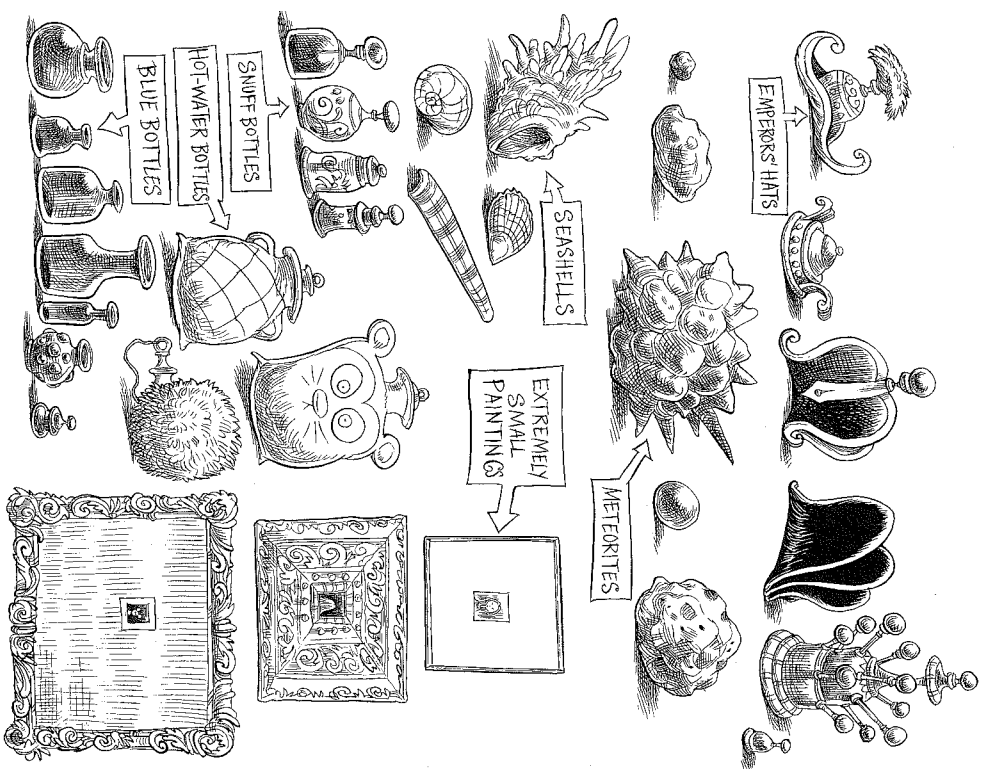
She lived in apartment 243 with Mr. Munroe, who was small and hairy and didn't like the rain or having his hair brushed.

Ottoline, on the other hand, loved all kinds of weather, particularly rain, because she liked splashing in puddles. She also liked brushing Mr. Munroe's hair. She found it very relaxing, and it helped her to think, especially if there was a tricky problem to solve or a clever plan to work out.

Ottoline liked solving tricky problems and working out clever plans even more than she liked splashing in puddles. She kept her eyes and ears open in case she came across anything unusual or interesting. So did Mr. Munroe.

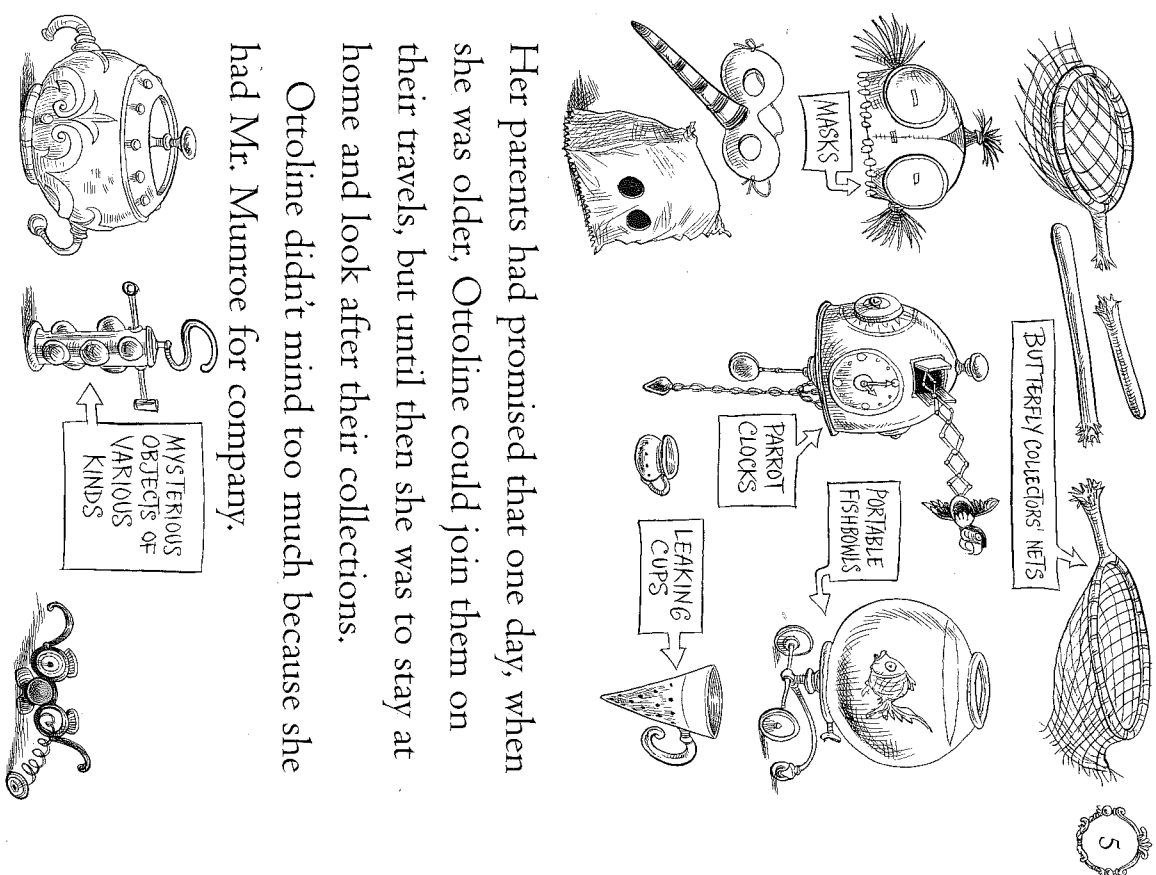


Otoline's parents traveled the world collecting interesting things. Apartment 243 was full of the things that they collected.

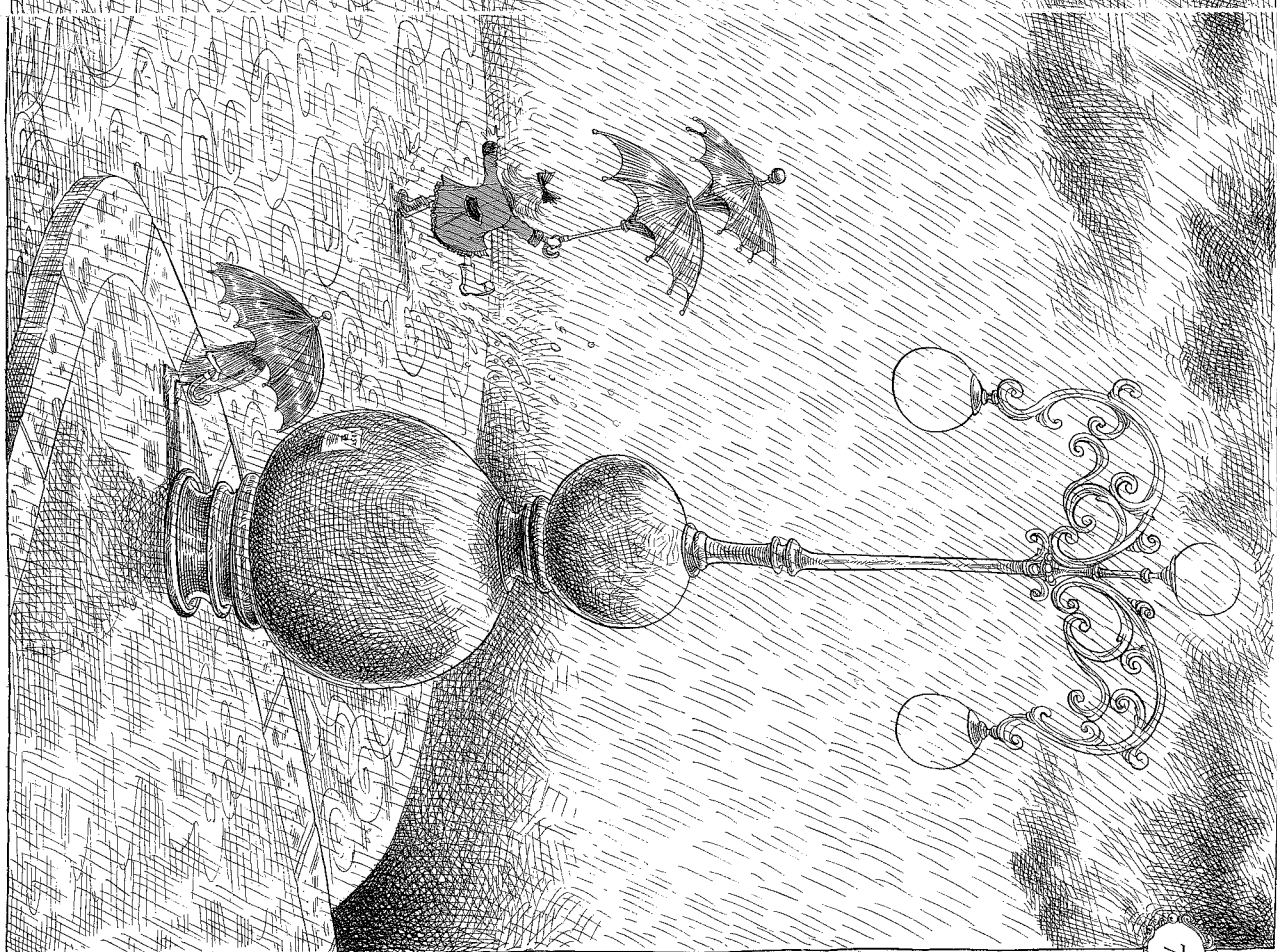
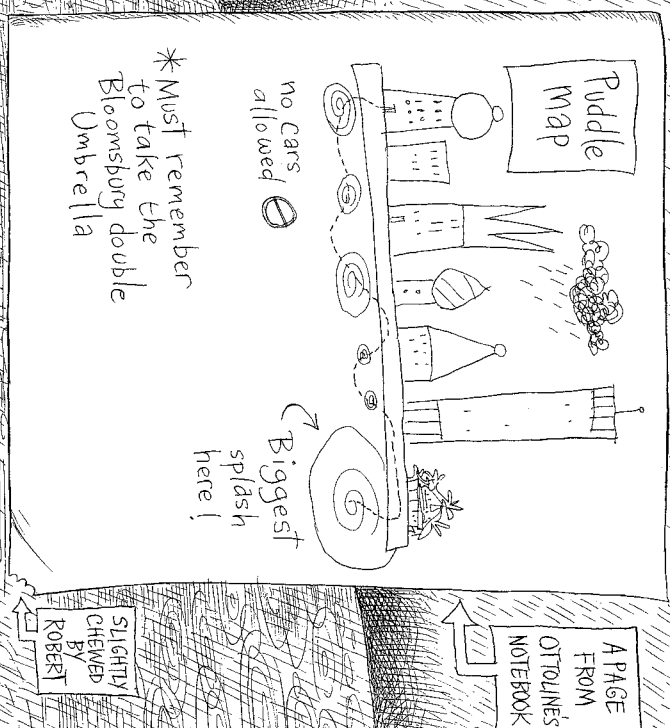


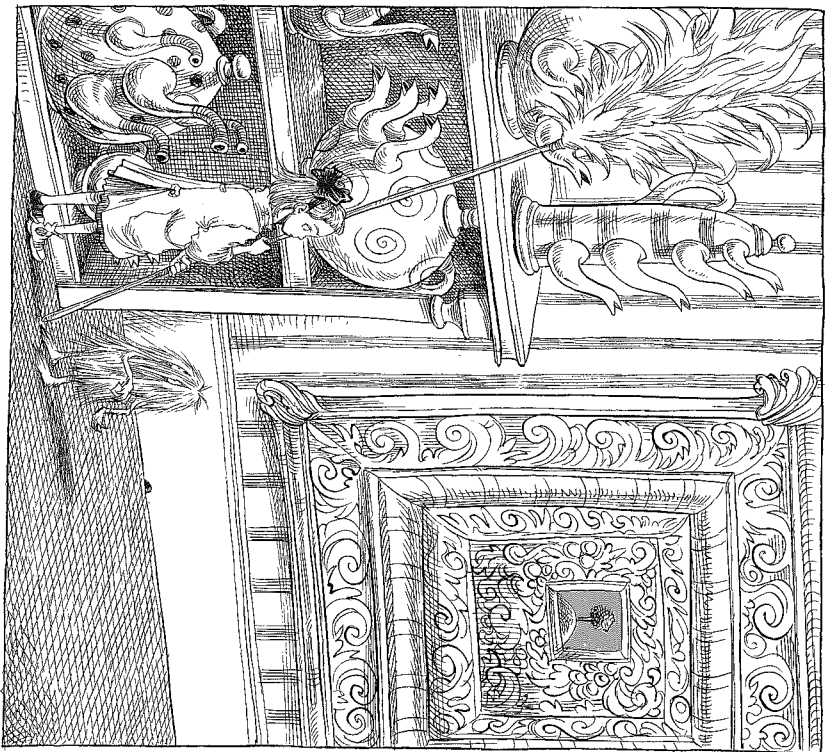
Her parents had promised that one day, when she was older, Otoline could join them on their travels, but until then she was to stay at home and look after their collections.

Otoline didn't mind too much because she had Mr. Munroe for company.



One day, while out for an afternoon stroll, Mr. Munroe noticed a poster stuck to a lamppost outside Gruberman's Korean Theatre. He carefully peeled it off and folded it up. Then he put it under his arm, as, being small and hairy, Mr. Munroe didn't have any pockets. He took it home with him.

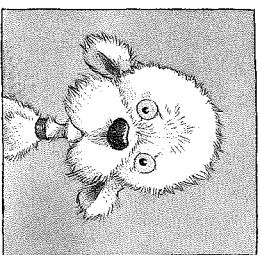




Later that afternoon, Ottoline was dusting the four-spouted teapot collection when she felt a tap on her shoulder. It was Mr. Munroe. He showed her the poster from the lamppost outside Gruberman's Korean Theatre.

THE POSTER FROM THE LAMPPOST

Lost



A Penangese lapdog

answers to the name

Rupert Pom-Pom Fluffy-Tail

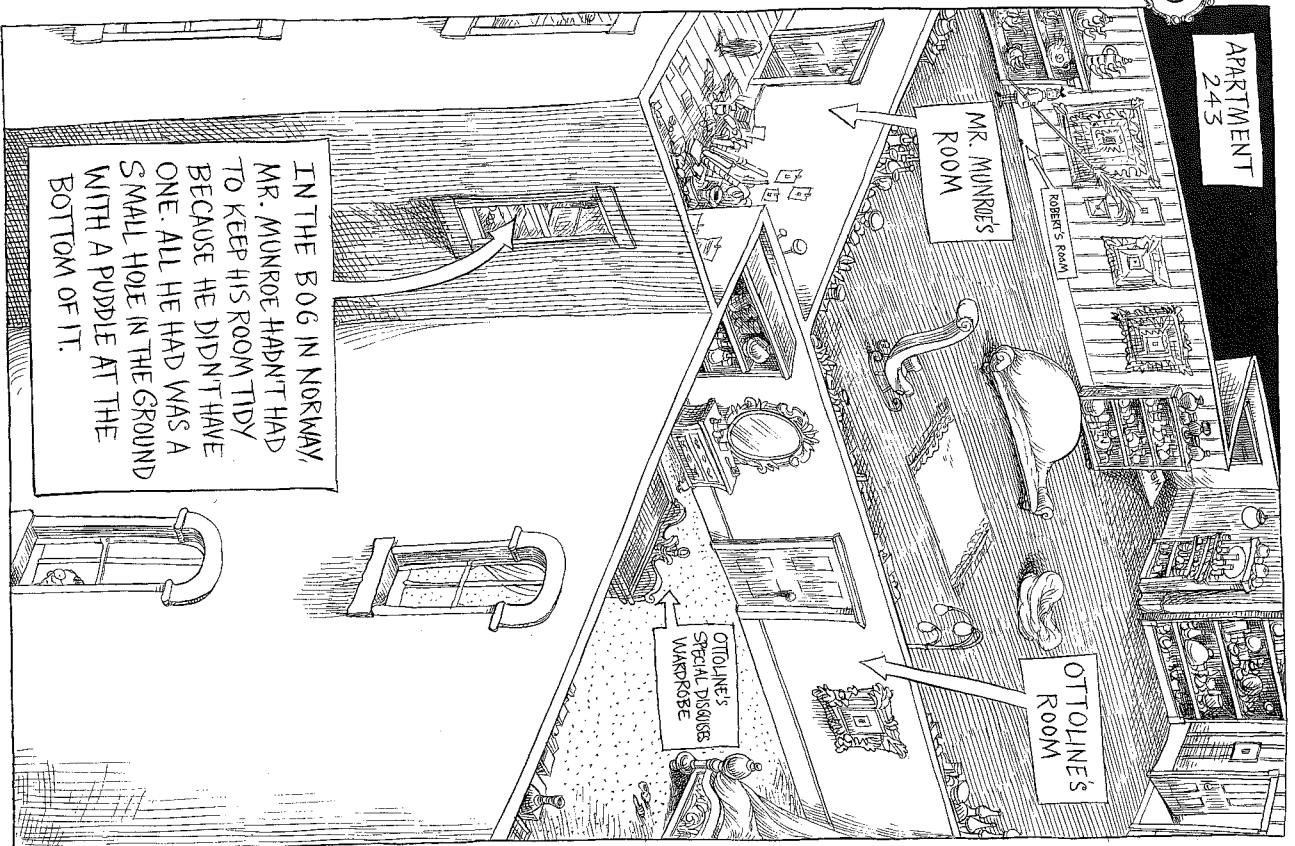
Much missed by his loving owner

Large Reward

CONTACT: Mrs. Loretta Lloyd, Apartment 11112,
The Pointy Tower, 3rd St., B.C.

AKRIPIT
HAIR

"How interesting," Ottoline said. "You don't have any more of these by any chance?"

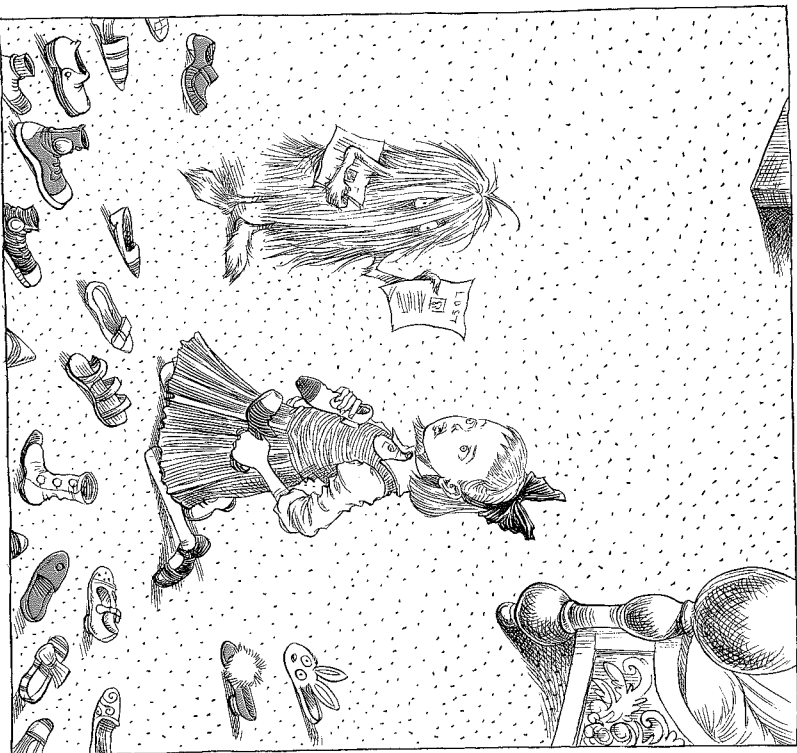


Mr. Munroe went to his room. It was very untidy.

When he came back, Ottoline was reorganizing her Odd Shoe collection.

Ottoline had two collections that were all her own. One was her Odd Shoe collection, of which she was very proud. Whenever Ottoline bought a pair of shoes, she would wear one and put the other in her collection.

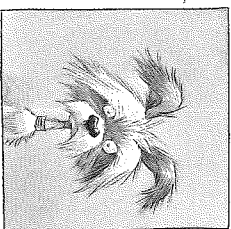




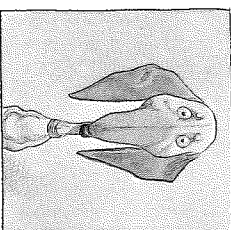
Mr. Mumroe showed Ottoline the posters he'd collected from lampposts all over town.

Ottoline looked at them for a long time. "I don't suppose . . .," she said, "you'd let me brush your hair?"

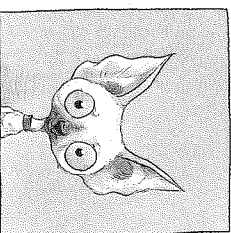
While she brushed Mr. Mumroe's hair, Ottoline looked more closely at the posters.



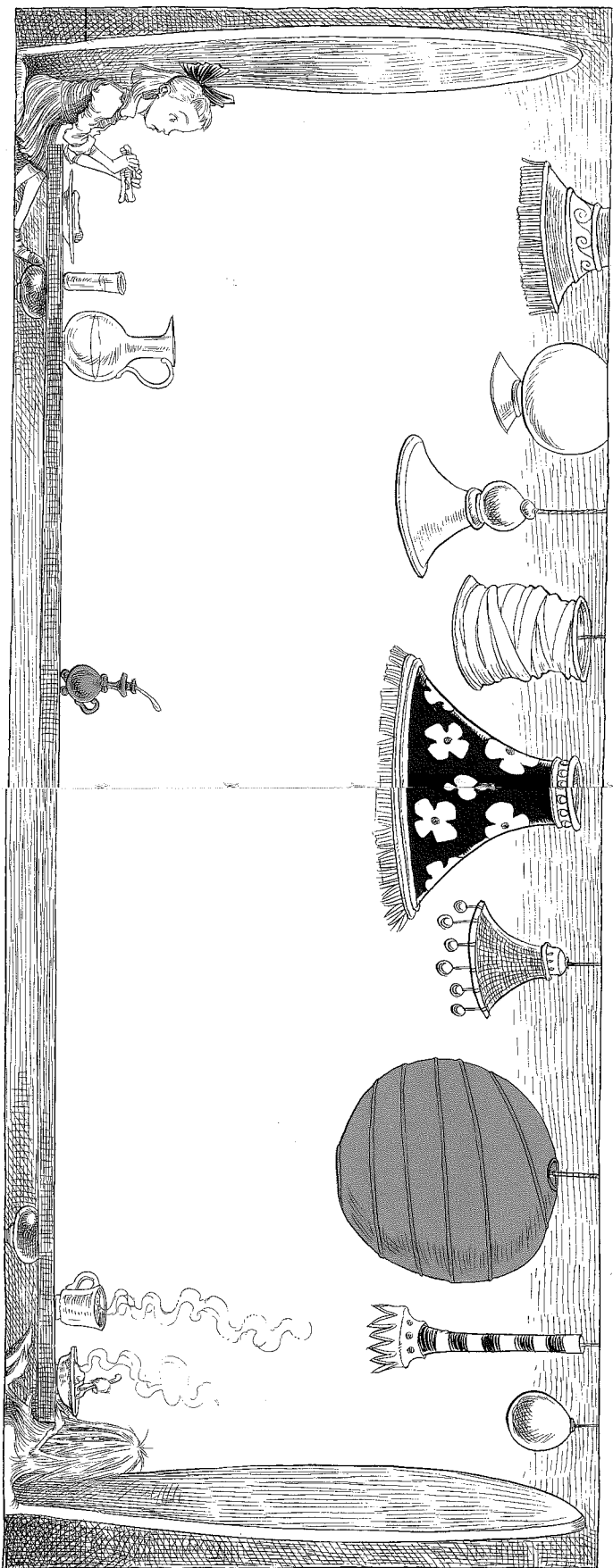
WILSON
HAPPY-EARS
MCMURTAGH



COUNTOLTO
VIX-HILBURG



FIFI FIESTA
FUNNY-FACE
III



That evening Ottoline and Mr. Munroe sat down to dinner. Ottoline had grilled cheese and cinnamon toast freshly delivered to the table by

The Home-Cooked Meal Co. Mr. Munroe had a bowl of porridge and a mug of hot chocolate, which was the only meal he ever ate.

Marion's
Bathroom
Supplies

THE
1,000-STRONG
LIGHTBULB-CHANGING
Co.

Smith &
Smith
PILLOW-PUMPING &
CURTAIN-DRAWING
TECHNICIANS

The
Swirling
Dragons
Clothes-Folding
Co.

HAPPY
NEST
BED MAKERS

THE
HOME-COOKED
MEAL Co.

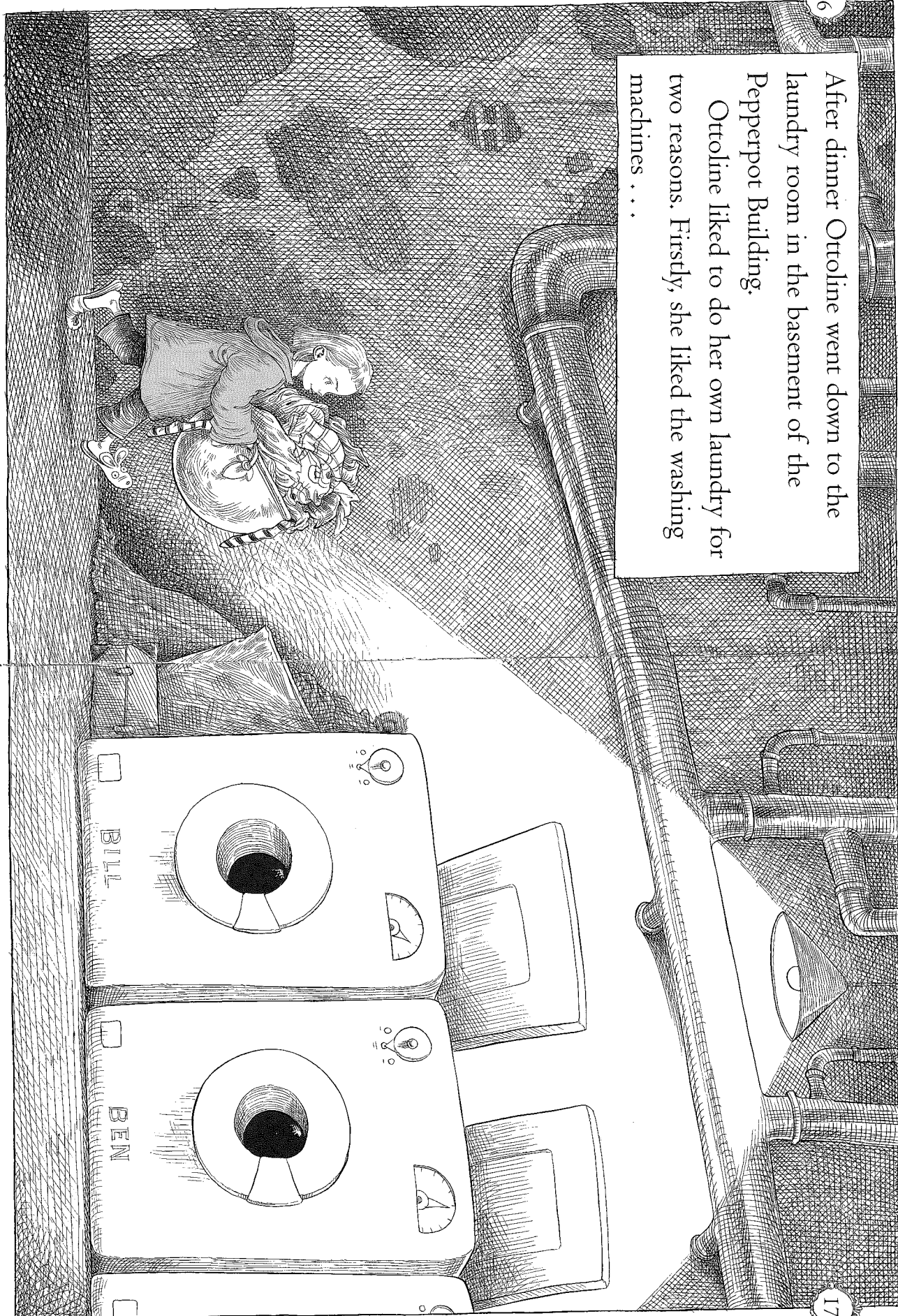
MB
MEBEAN'S CLEANING
SERVICE

Mr.
Munroe

OTTOLINE'S
PARENTS WERE
AWAY A LOT
TRAVELING, BUT
THEY MADE SURE
OTTOLINE
WAS WELL
LOOKED AFTER
BY LOTS AND
LOTS OF PEOPLE.
THESE ARE
THEIR BUSINESS
CARDS.

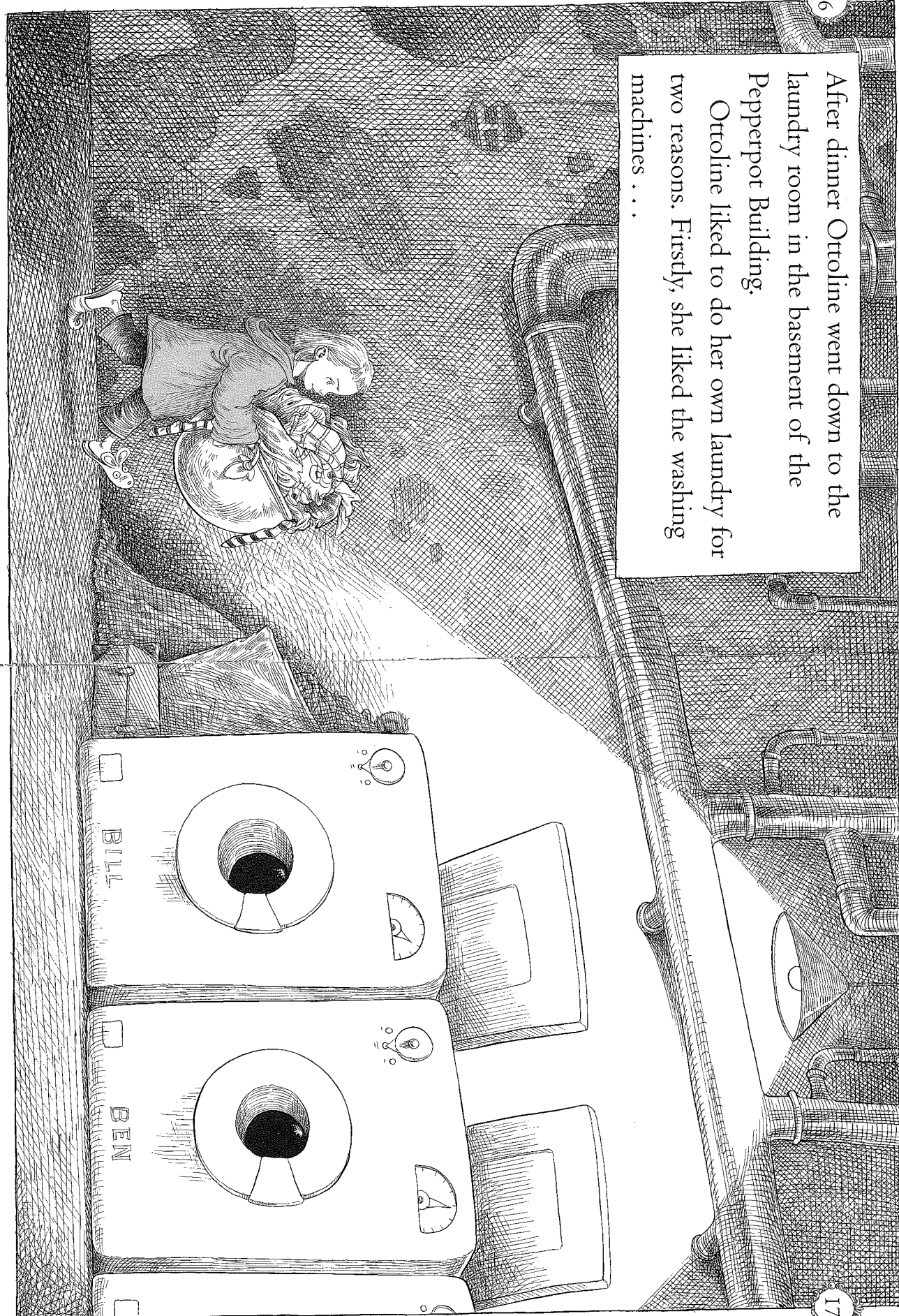
After dinner Ottoline went down to the laundry room in the basement of the Peppertop Building.

Ottoline liked to do her own laundry for two reasons. Firstly, she liked the washing machines . . .



After dinner Ottoline went down to the laundry room in the basement of the Peppercot Building.

Ottoline liked to do her own laundry for two reasons. Firstly, she liked the washing machines . . .



and secondly, she liked standing on tiptoe and listening to the pipes in the basement ceiling. Ottoline could hear lots of interesting conversations that went on in other apartments. She didn't tell Mr. Munroe, as she knew he wouldn't approve.

... HUGE
NUMBERS OF APPLES
BUT NOT A SINGLE
PEAR, NOT EVEN
ON SUNDAYS...

NORMALLY
CECIL IS SUCH A
GOOD BOY BUT
LAST TUESDAY...

... THEN MRS.
PASTERNAK'S MONKEY
REFUSED TO WEAR
HIS SILK PANTAMAS...

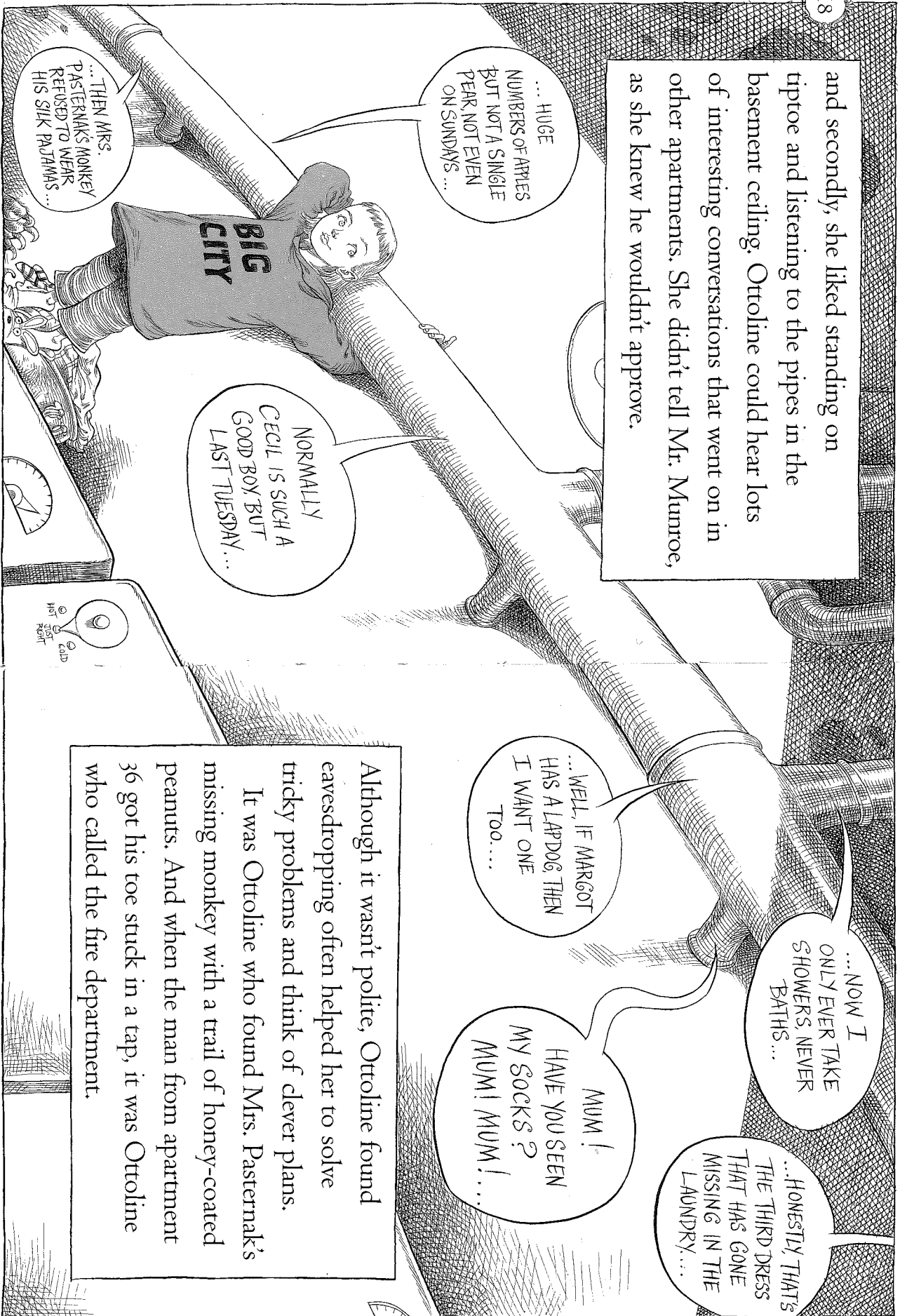
... NOW I
ONLY EVER TAKE
SHOWERS, NEVER
BATHS...

... HONESTLY, THAT'S
THE THIRD DRESS
THAT HAS GONE
MISSING IN THE
LAUNDRY...

... WELL, IF MARGOT
HAS A LAPDOG, THEN
I WANT ONE
Too....

MUM!
HAVE YOU SEEN
MY SOCKS?
MUM! MUM!...

Although it wasn't polite, Ottoline found eavesdropping often helped her to solve tricky problems and think of clever plans. It was Ottoline who found Mrs. Pasternak's missing monkey with a trail of honey-coated peanuts. And when the man from apartment 36 got his toe stuck in a tap, it was Ottoline who called the fire department.



That evening, Ottoline was doing her laundry and listening to the pipes as usual when a large, hairy arm appeared from behind one of the washing machines and grabbed a pair of Ottoline's stripy socks.

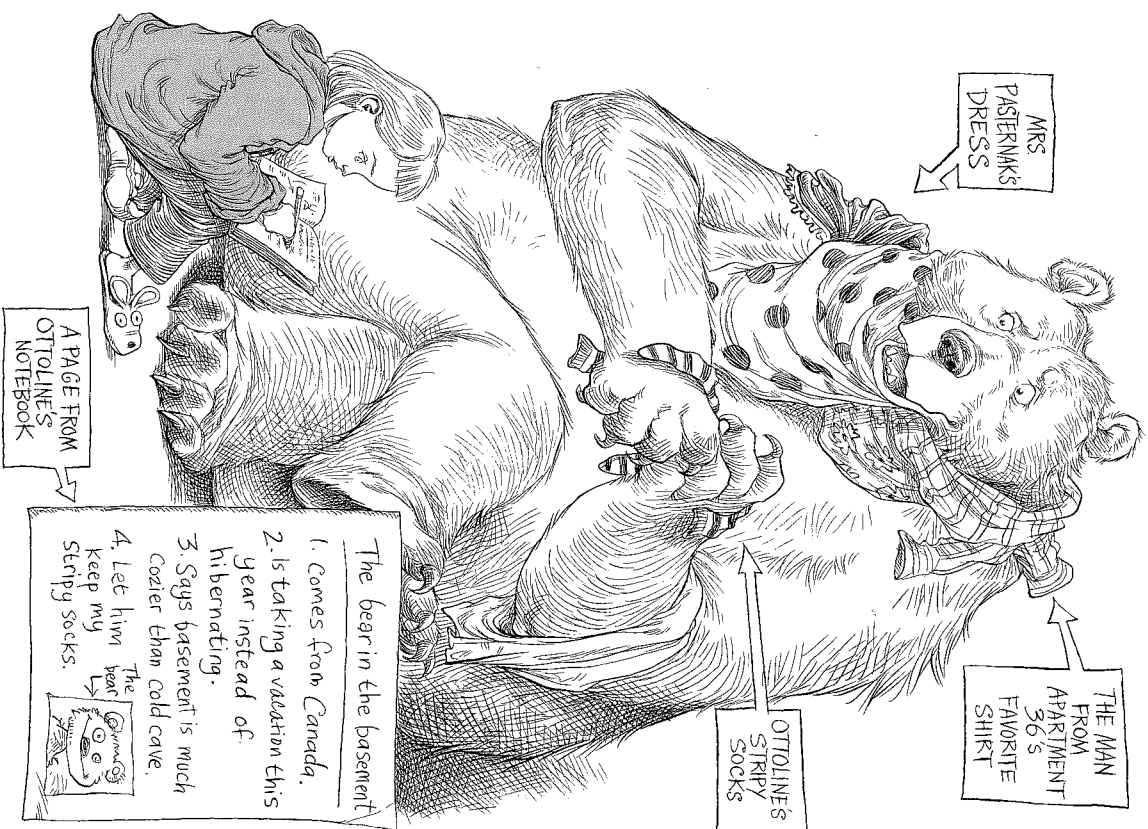
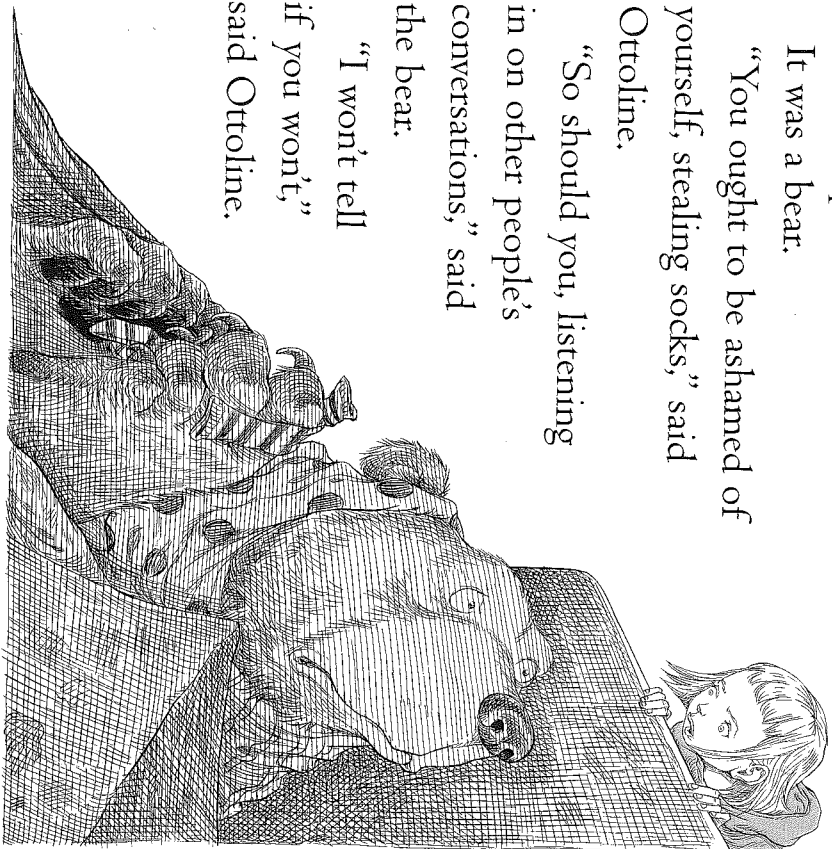
Ottoline peered into the shadows.

It was a bear.

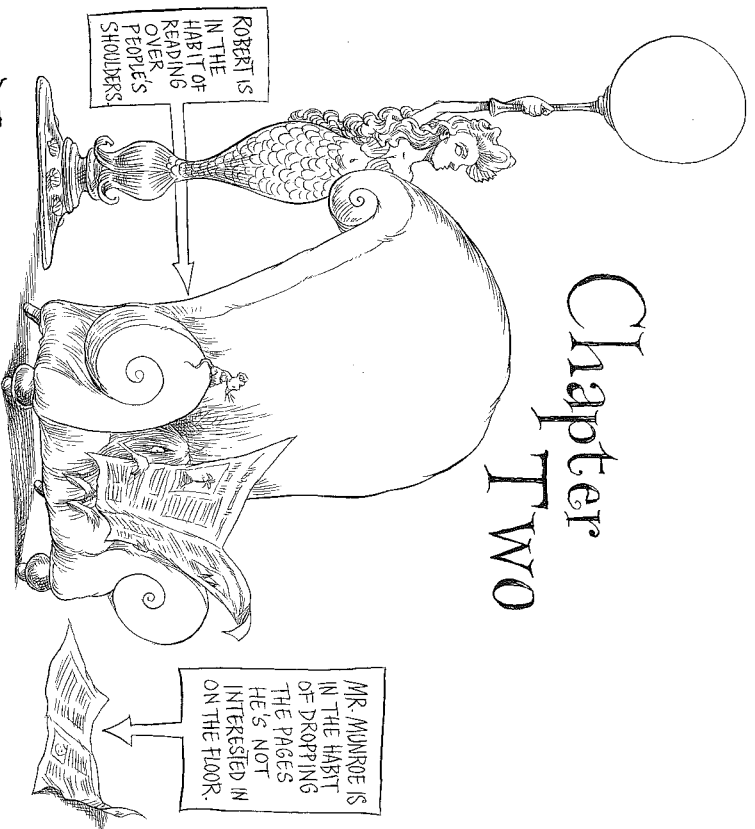
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, stealing socks," said Ottoline.

"So should you, listening in on other people's conversations," said the bear.

"I won't tell if you won't," said Ottoline.

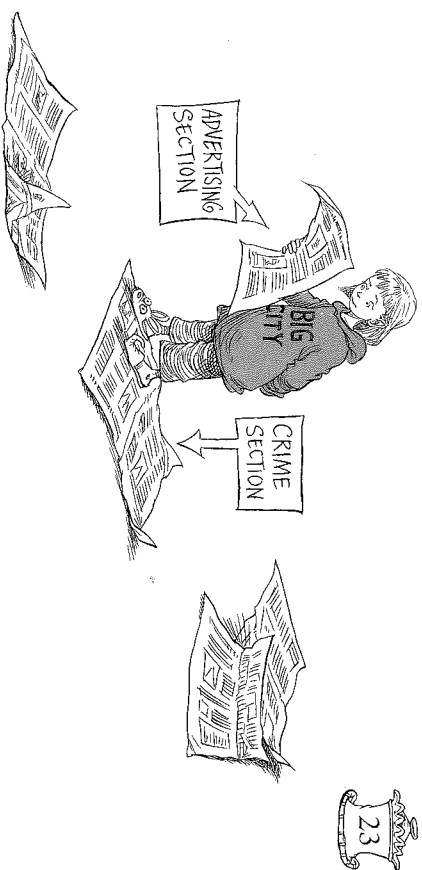


Chapter Two

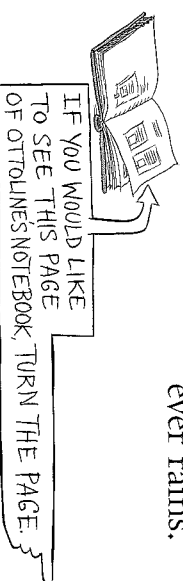


Mr. Mumroe was sitting in the Beidermeyer armchair, reading the newspaper. Mr. Mumroe often read his newspaper if he had trouble getting to sleep or had a bad dream about the bog in Norway. He liked to read the travel section, about vacations on tropical islands and sunny beaches.

Several pages caught Ottoline's eye.



Ottoline got out a pair of Balinese pinking shears from the scissors collection and carefully cut out the articles. Mr. Mumroe didn't notice. He was engrossed in a story about the Gobi Desert, where it hardly ever rains.



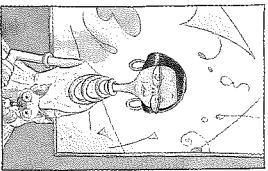
NO NEW LEADS IN SHOE BOX BUILDING BURGLARY

By our crime correspondent

Police remain baffled by the burglary in the Shoe Box Building on 3rd Street. Despite extensive inquiries and prolonged investigations, Police Commissioner Ronald Flatfoot admitted, "We remain baffled."

The victim of the burglary, Mrs. Rachel Armstrong, was too upset to talk to the *Enquirer* last night but said in a written statement, "I have nothing further to add." Police appealed to the public to be vigilant and on their guard at all times.

Mrs. Rachel Armstrong



*These dogs
look strangely
familiar

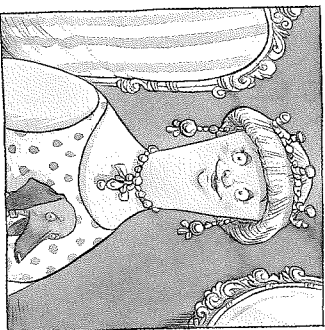


Mr. Munroe
with a
haircut!

BURGLARY AT THE POINTY TOWER BAFFLES POLICE

By our crime correspondent

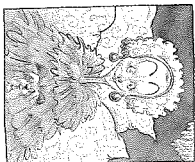
Police remain baffled by the burglary at the Pointy Tower on Third Street. Despite extensive inquiries and prolonged investigations, Police Commissioner Ronald Flatfoot admitted, "We remain baffled." The victim of the burglary, Mrs. Dominica Wilson, was too outraged to talk to the *Enquirer* last night but said in a written statement, "I'm too outraged to talk." Police appealed to the public to be vigilant and on their guard at all times.



Mrs. Dominica Wilson

ANOTHER BURGLARY ON 3RD STREET LEAVES NO CLUES

By our crime correspondent



Police were baffled last night by another burglary on Third Street. In an audacious cat burglary on an apartment on the fifteenth floor of the Ice-Cream Cone Building, jewelry worth quite a lot was stolen. Despite initial inquiries and prolonged investigations, Police Commissioner Ronald Flatfoot admitted, "We are baffled." The victim of the burglary, Mrs. Pinky Neugerbauer, was too shocked to talk to the *Enquirer* last night but said in a written statement, "I'm in shock." Police appealed to the public to be vigilant and on their guard at all times.

LONELY PET LOVERS

look no further!

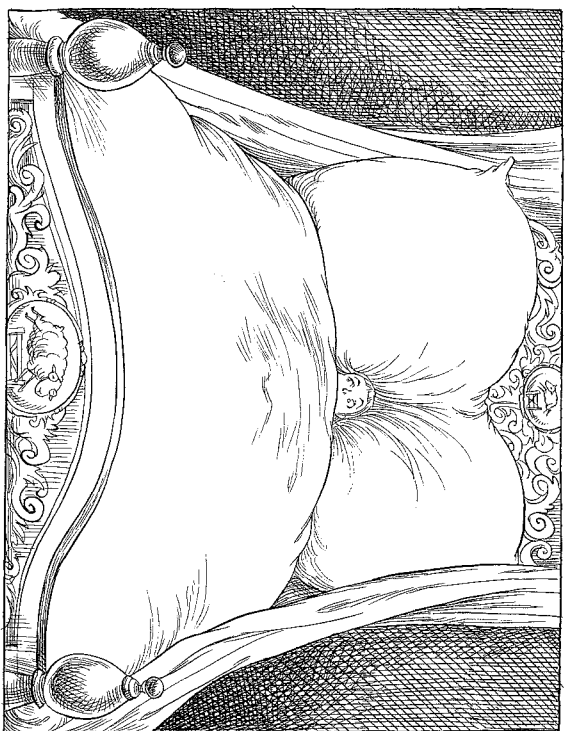
Quality lapdogs
supplied for
every knee

The Lapdog Agency
No. 26, The Board Walk
Harborside
BIG CITY 9929

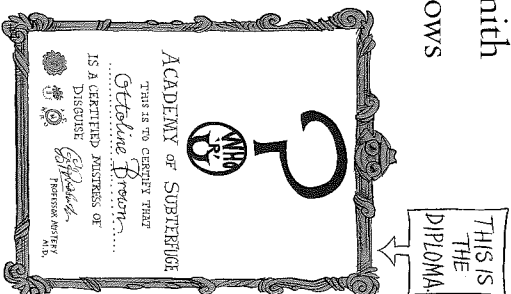
*Must
investigate
this



I wonder
what has
been nibbling
my notebook?



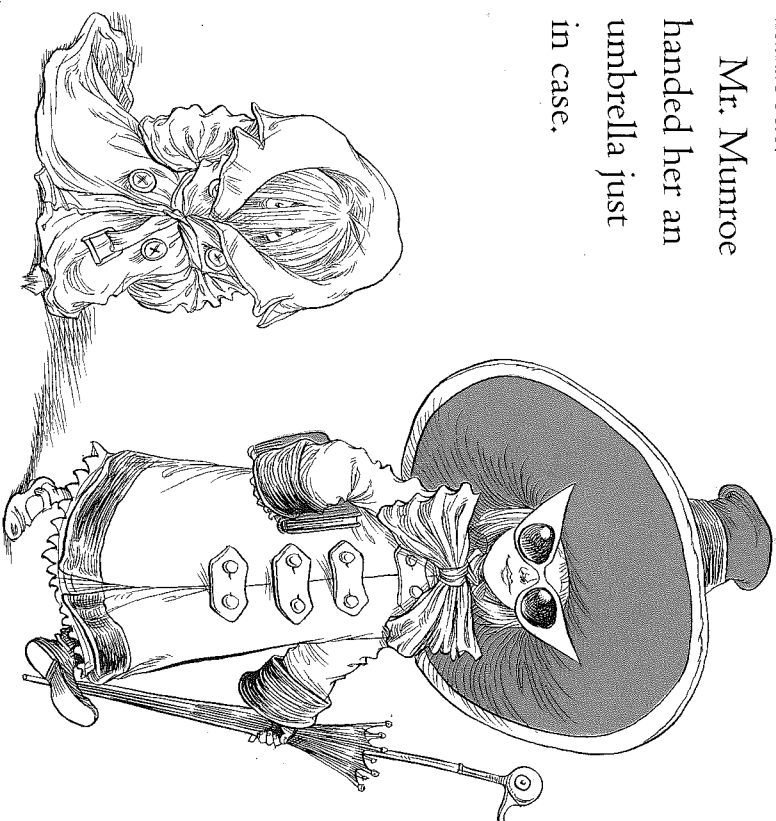
That night, after the Smith & Smith technicians had plumped the pillows and drawn the curtains, Ottoline got out of bed and went to her Special Disguises Wardrobe. Ottoline was a Mistress of Disguise and had a diploma to prove it, from the Who-R-U Academy of Subterfuge.



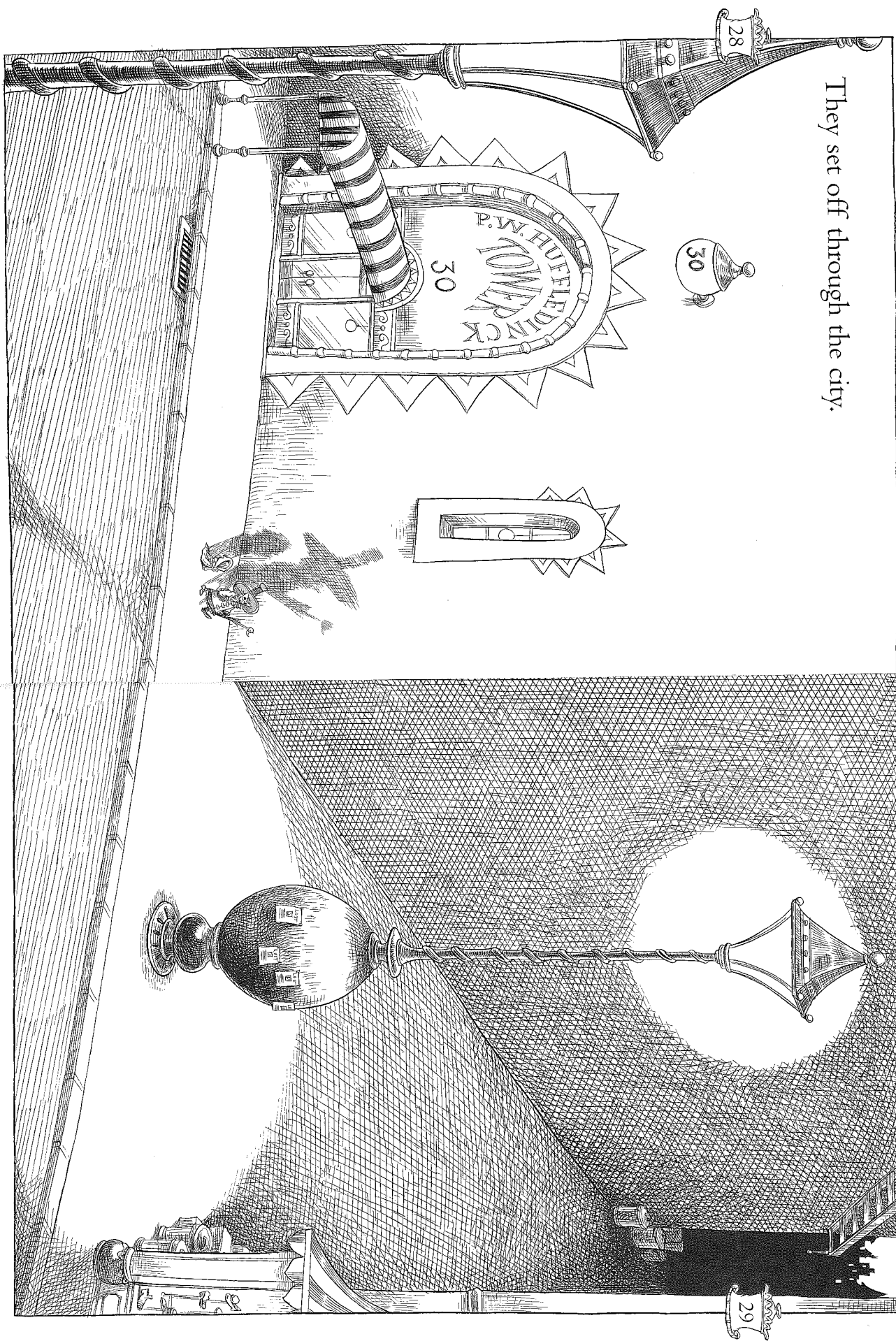
When she was ready, she knocked on Mr. Munroe's door.

"Your hair could do with a brush," said Ottoline when he opened the door, "but we haven't got time for that now. Here, put this on." She handed Mr. Munroe a large, shabby raincoat.

Mr. Munroe handed her an umbrella just in case.

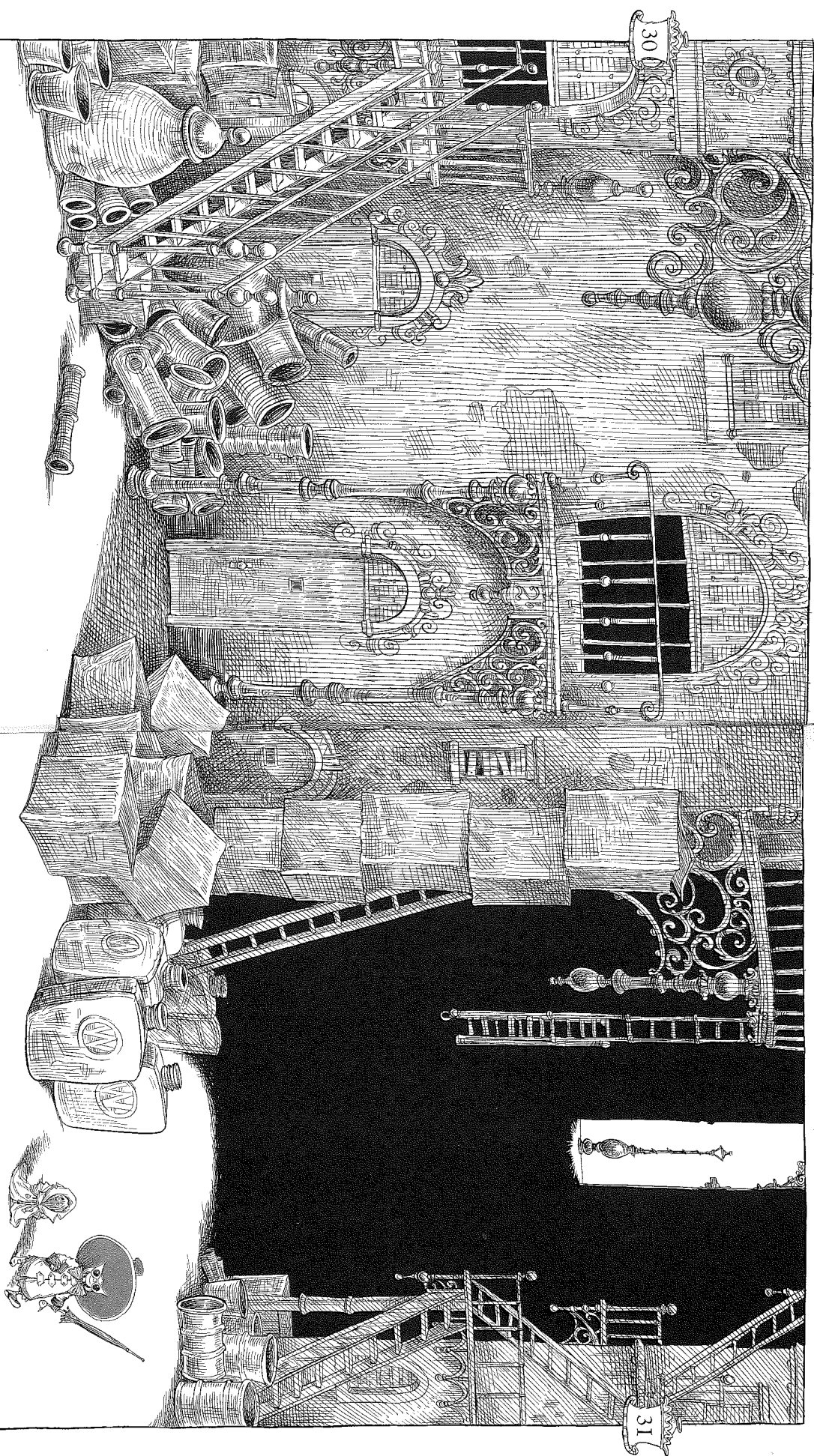


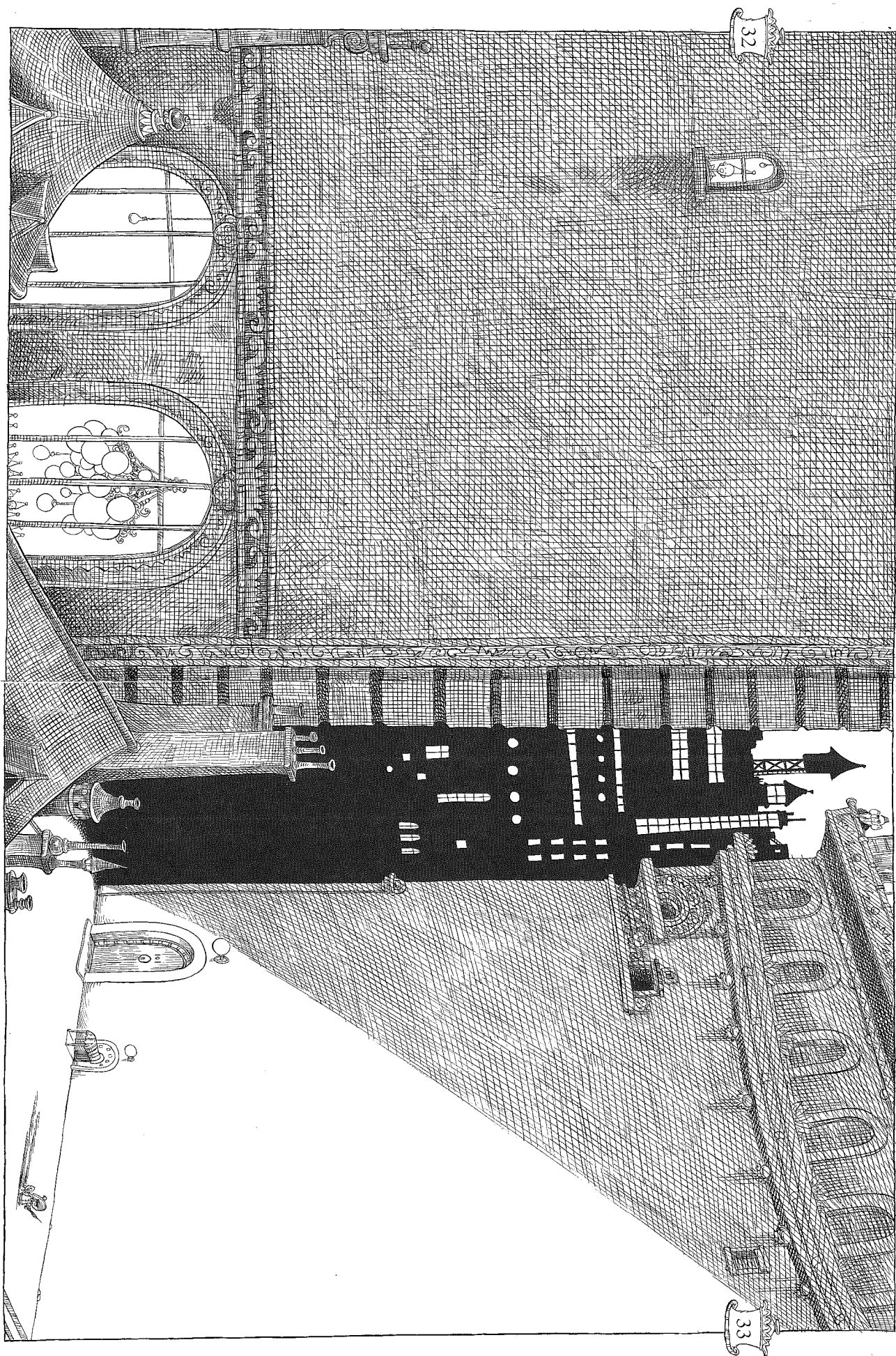
They set off through the city.

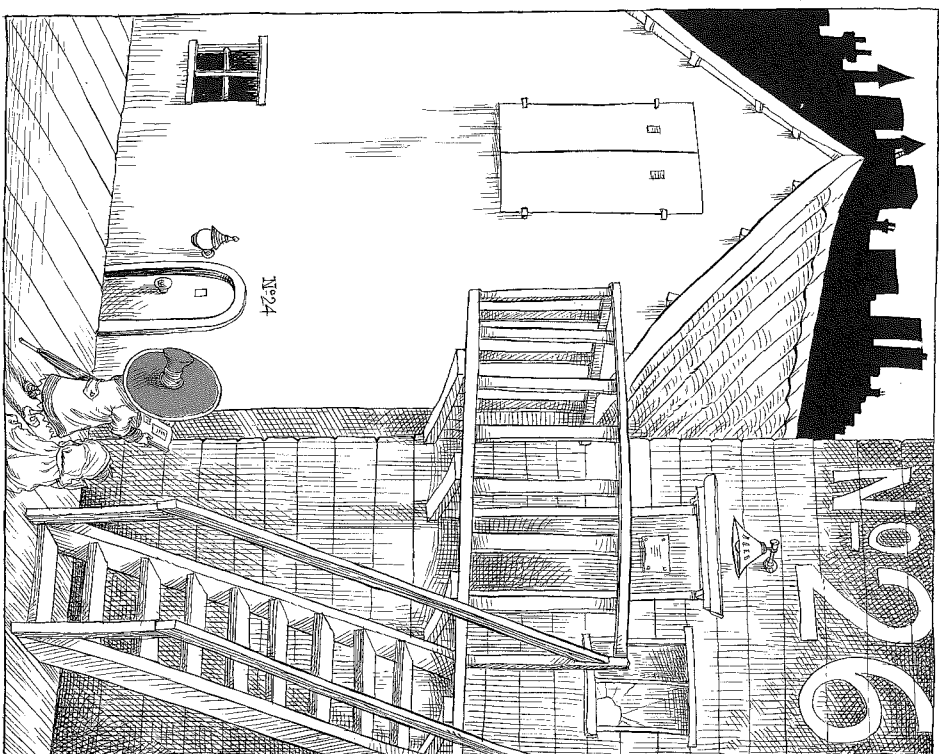


And very soon were . . .

. . . off the beaten track.

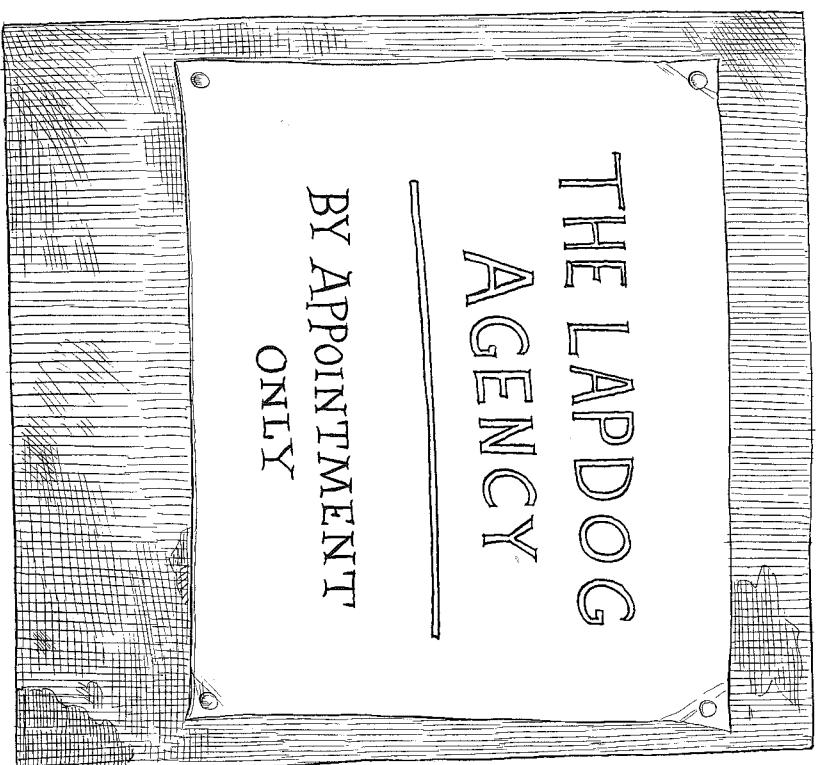




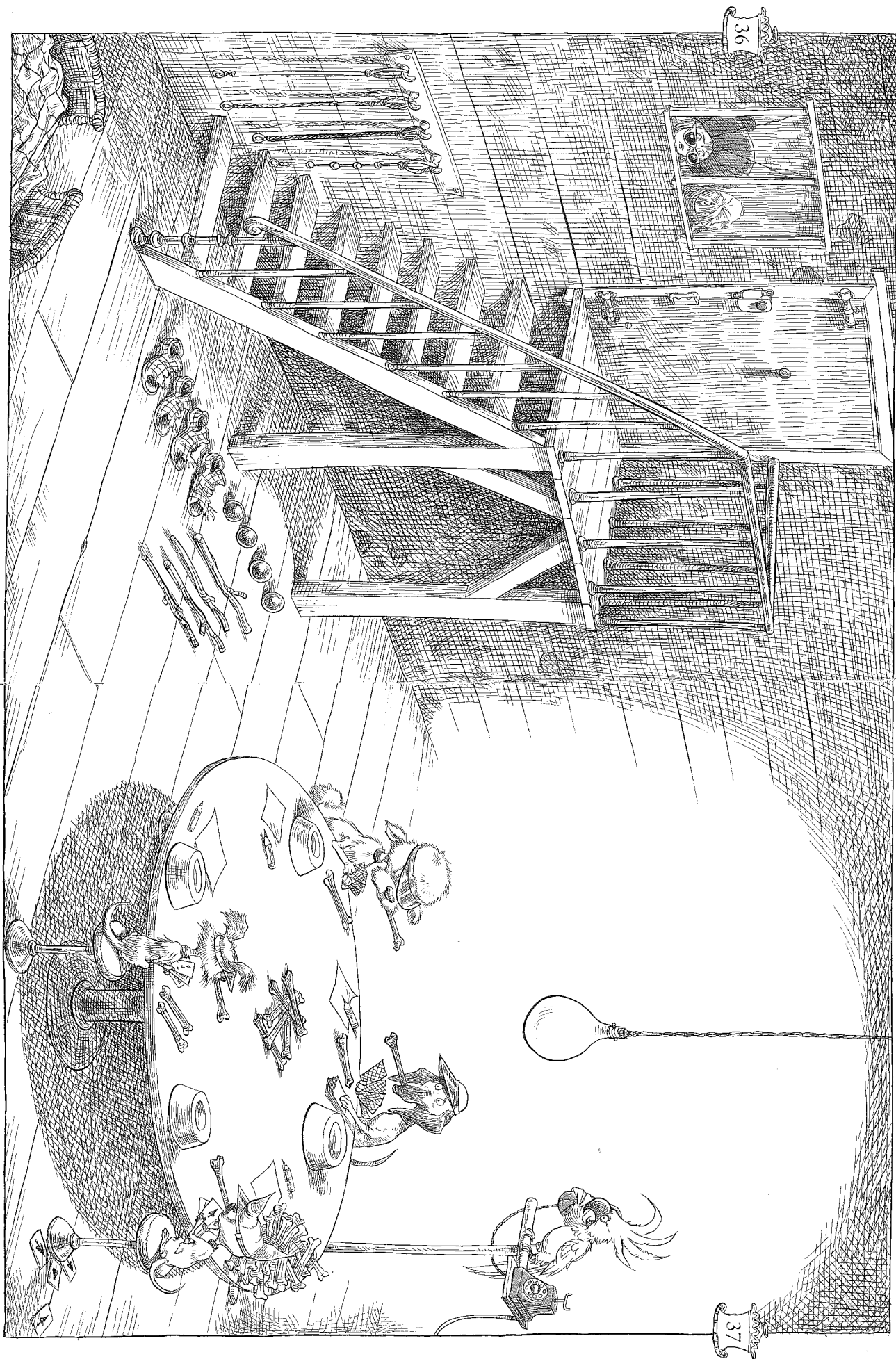


They came to an old warehouse.
Ottoline studied her notebook.

There was a sign on the door that read:



Mr. Munroe was going to ring the bell,
but Ottoline stopped him. Instead they
looked through a rather grubby window.
This is what they saw. . . .



The poker players looked strangely familiar. Behind them, a cockatoo was talking into a telephone.

"I'm very sorry, madam, but that's company policy," the cockatoo was saying. "If you lose a lapdog we supplied you with, we can't trust you with another one, now can we? Good-bye."

The cockatoo put down the receiver.

Just then a yellow cat walked in.

"Good evening, boys," she purred. "Had a good week?"

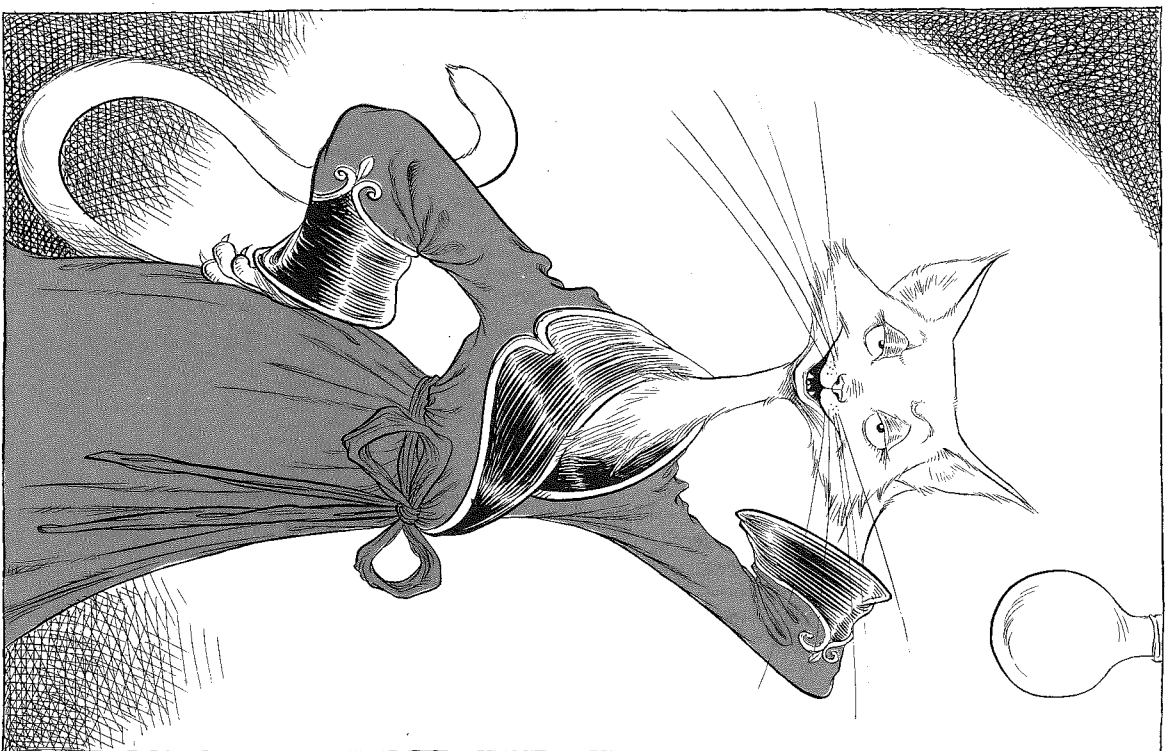
The poker players wagged their tails.

"Excellent," purred the Yellow Cat.

"Given Mrs. Neugerbauer the slip, I see, McMurtagh," she said, patting a small Lancashire terrier on the head.

"That's right, Boss," snarled the dog. "I ran out of the poodle parlor after one of those perfumed baths, and kept on running."

"Good work," said the Yellow Cat. "Now, boys, time for business. Show me what you've got."

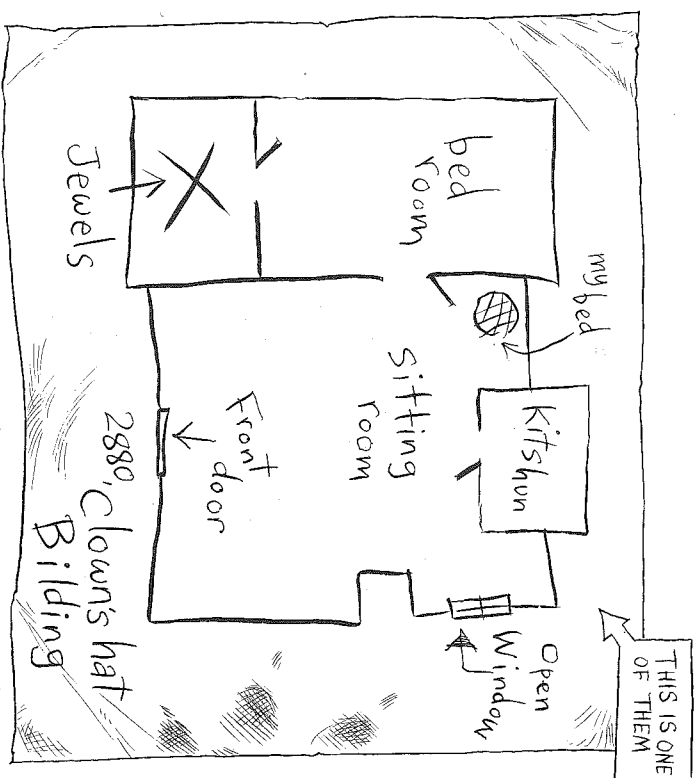


The poker players put down their cards and picked up their pencils and started scribbling.

"Bring them to me, Clive!" said the Yellow Cat.

The cockatoo flapped about gathering up the drawings in his beak and took them to the Yellow Cat.

"Excellent," she purred.



A Penangese lapdog dropped his doggy chew. "I ran off in the park this morning. Mrs. Lloyd threw me a stick, and she's still waiting for it. But I'm not going back!"

The Yellow Cat smiled. "If this information is correct, my furry friend," she purred, "then you won't have to!"

